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soleil

THE CENTRON FILES

ANDREVON /// KHALED

THE CENTRON FILES
The Weasel and the Dove

Script
Jean-Pierre ANDREVON
Art and Colors
Afif KHALED

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DIE!

WE WANT BLOOD!

YAMINE

VNIMANIE, DOURAKI!

RIGHT IN THE GUTS, 83!

DO PRDELE!

THAT 56 SURE IS A MAJOR LEAGUE ASSHOLE!

HEY, 114, WAKE UP!

WATCH YOUR ASS, 47!

XIANG ZUO, SHI JIU!

GB 12

CAMERA2

10 P 112
SCORE 11

12

GIVE'EM A BEATING, 58!

PIZDA MATI!

33, CUIDADO A LA DERECHO, BORRACHÓN!

SKLANGG

SHLAK

12

BIP

BIP

BIP

MMM... CHUDESNYI! SO EXCITING!

SO BARBARIC, NON È VERO?

DEAR VIEWERS, DEAR BETTORS, THE THIRD MATCH IN THE MARTIAL GAMES IS NEARING ITS END!

STILL ON THE FIELD: TO MY RIGHT, MUSKETEER 113 VS. AMAZON 27!

TO MY LEFT, RETIARIUS 83 VS. SAMURAI 18.

LET'S GIVE'EM A HEARTY ROUND OF APPLAUSE... AAAND WE'RE OFF!

SHUUK

BIP BIP BIP

MY GOD! IL ALLAH! IT'S JUST TOO SCHÖN! I'M SO WET!

I'M BETTING ON MUSKETEER 113!

HURK

THAT'S RIGHT, DEAR VIEWERS, THE MOMENT YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR IS AT HAND.

THE HOUR FOR THE FINAL SHOWDOWN IS NIGH.

MUSKETEERS 113 VS. SAMURAI 18.

PLACE YOUR BETS!

KRAAK

Shlikk

peww

NOBODY MOVE!

MAIS QUE– WHAT IS–?

CALM DOWN. THEY BOTH LOST. EVERYONE LOST AT THEIR LITTLE GAME TODAY. THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS ***JUSTICE.***

HANDS UP! NO SUDDEN MOVEMENTS!

PLACE YOUR WEAPON SLOWLY ON THE FLOOR!

SETTLE DOWN, GENTS– POPULATION CONTROL. YOUR SAMURAI'S NUMBER CAME UP IN THE LOTTERY LAST NIGHT.

SORRY ABOUT THAT.

CONTRÔLE ÉCRÉMENTIEL DE LA POPULATION

EUROPA CENTRUM

AGENT 14-AB7

WHY–YOU'RE ONE OF THEM! THAT'S SO THRILLING!

NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...

WAIT! DON'T GO! STAY!

THAT HARPY WAS RIGHT. I'M ONE OF THEM. ***POPULATION CONTROL***, OR IN EVERYDAYSPEAK, A ***FERRET***. A MEMBER OF THE ELITE CORPS TASKED WITH PICKING OFF THE EXCESS CITIZENRY WHOSE NUMBERS COME UP EVERY NIGHT IN AN IMPARTIAL LOTTERY RUN BY THE COMPUTER ***ATROPOS***. A JOB LIKE ANY OTHER, IF YOU TAKE THE LONG VIEW...*

TODAY, MY WORK LED ME INTO THE BUBBLE PROTECTING RESIDENTIAL ZONE NO. 1. THE PLUSH NEIGHBORHOOD, THEY CALL IT.

NOTHING LIKE THE NECROZONE, WHERE THESE BOOTS ARE USUALLY WALKIN'. SO WHY NOT ENJOY MYSELF A LITTLE?

* SEE VOLUME 1.

JOL

KOA

CENTRON

YOUNES

K-05

HEY, BUDDY. LIFE IS GOOD, EH?

BOING

HEY! GET OFFA ME! I DIDN'T SAY YOU COULD HITCH A RIDE. AND I GOT NO EATS FOR YA.

I ALWAYS WANTED A CAT. NEVER DARED ASK IF I COULD. THE ONLY ONES AROUND IN MY NEIGHBORHOOD ARE KEBAB MEAT. AND I CAN'T AFFORD ANIMALTRONICS. MY ONLY FRIEND IS MY SIAMESE GOLDFISH MOBY DICK. NOT REALLY INTO CUDDLES, OR EVEN CONVERSATION...

SO, CUTIE PIE... HOW 'BOUT I KEEP YOU FOR A BIT?

CERTAINLY. BUT JUST A BIT, MY GOOD MAN. BECAUSE OTHERWISE IT WOULD CONSTITUTE ILLEGAL APPROPRIATION OF SOMEONE ELSE'S PROPERTY. VERBOTEN, CAPISCE?

MIGHT I ALSO ADD, YOUR NEXT TARGET AWAITS YOU AT THE STAND JUST AHEAD. FROLICH VAN WERBECK. AT THE LIVE TARGET ARCHERY RANGE. GET MOVING!

TIR AUX TOUTES ARMES
CIBLES VIVANTES

THAT'S MY CONSCIENCE TALKING: ***JULES***. MY EMBEDDED MONITOR– MY THIRD EYE, IN A WAY...

LIVE TARGETS, HUH?

NONE OF MY BUSINESS.

SCHLUT

POPULATION CONTROL.

SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOUR LITTLE GAME, BUDDY...

BUT YOUR NUMBER CAME UP LAST NIGHT TO BUY THE FARM. IF YOU WANT...

WHAT IS MY BUSINESS?

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

A WEASEL, EH? SAY, OLD CHAP, WHAT IF WE DID THIS THE SPORTING WAY? AS GENTLEMEN, AT TWENTY PACES? LEAVE IT TO LUCK.

THIS IS COMPLETELY ILLEGAL.

NOT WHAT I ASKED.

WHAT ARE MY CHANCES? ODDS?

HMM... I WOULD SAY 65/35 IN YOUR FAVOR, WITH A CHANCE OF MISHAP.

I'LL TAKE THOSE ODDS. NOT EVERY DAY YOU GET TO HAVE A LITTLE FUN!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

TWENTY!

POPULATION CONTROL, EH?

SURELY YOU DIDN'T THINK YOU'D COME OUT ON TOP EVERY TIME?

WELL, ACTUALLY...

YEAH.

SPEAKING OF WHICH, THIS SUIT IS ROYALLY SCREWED. AH, SHIT.

SHLUK

ALL IT TAKES IS A KEVLAR VEST UNDER THE SUIT.

HEY JULES, THAT ASSHOLE ALMOST HAD ME. I THOUGHT YOU SAID 65/35.

I DID STIPULATE A CAVEAT FOR ANY MISHAPS, BOSS!

RIGHT. I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN. STILL, IT GIVES ME AN IDEA. SINCE I DON'T KNOW YOUR NAME, WHY DON'T I CALL YOU *MISHAP?*

MEANWHILE, MISHAP, I THINK I'M GONNA GRAB A QUICK BITE.

SORRY, SIR.

NO PETS ALLOWED. HEALTH REASONS—YOU UNDERSTAND.

PETS? YOU GOT ME ALL WRONG, FELLAS. I'M GONNA HAVE THIS THING COOKED UP FOR ME.

IT'S MY ENTRÉE.

– CLONED BALTIC WHALE STEAK,
– COMPOST OF MARTIAN WORMS FROM SYRTIS MAJOR,
– PÂTÉ EN CROUTE OF ABYSSAL TORTOISE,
– ORBITALLY-GROWN VEGETABLES, VOLCANICALLY STEAMED...

I PICKED STUFF AT RANDOM.

BUT CHOWING DOWN ALONE IN ALL THIS LUXURY...

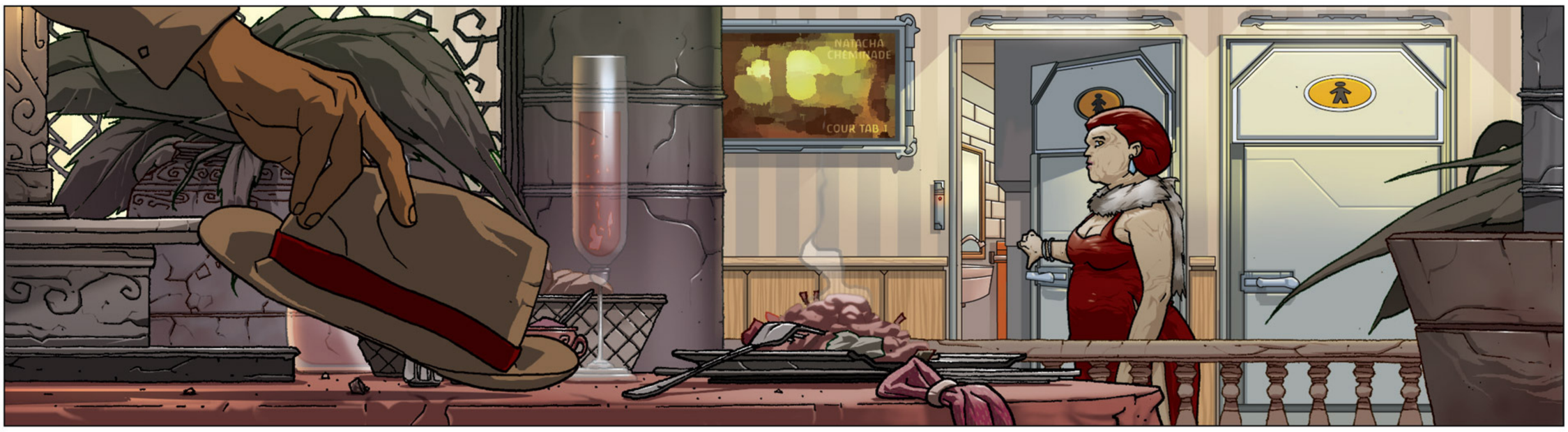
NOT REALLY ALL THAT FUN.

IN A SECOND AND A HALF.

ROGER, HQ. BUT YOU COULD'VE WAITED TILL DESSERT.

MALCOMA MELKINE CHETYRIE. 107 YEARS OLD. 285 POUNDS.

SORRY TO INTERRUPT THIS LOVELY ROMANTIC EXPERIENCE, BOSS, BUT YOUR NEXT TARGET IS ABOUT TO WALK BY.


NATACHA
CHEMINADE
COUR TAB 1

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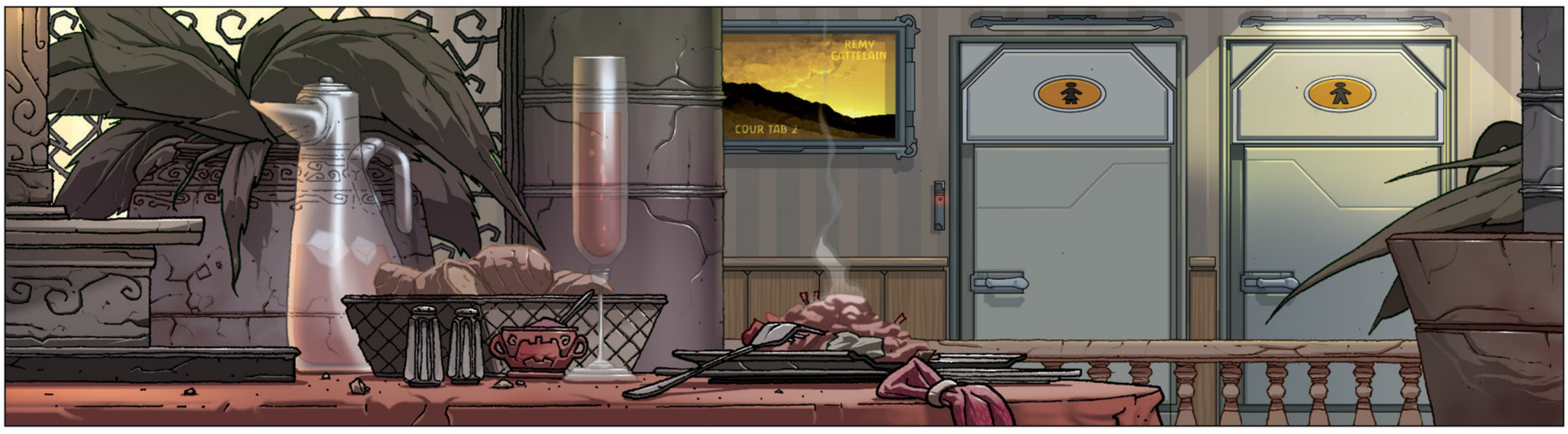
CHEMINADE
COUR TAB 1


REMY
CATTELAIN
COUR TAB 2

FAYCAL
COUR TAB 3

FAYCAL
COUR TAB 3

ARE YOU PAYING ATTENTION, ANIMAL LOVER?

YOUR LAST TWO TARGETS FOR TODAY ARE INSIDE THAT MONSTROSITY.

THE OFFICES OF THE CONSORTIUM FOR FREE ENERGY USE.

NUMBER ONE: ISMAAD N'GORO. ASSISTANT MANAGER OF HUMAN RESOURCES FOR CENTRUMAFRIQ WEST.

NUMBER TWO: VERA CHOTOLOVA, VICE PRESIDENT.

HIGH SOCIETY. DID YOU REMEMBER TO WASH YOUR HANDS?

POPULATION CONTROL. GONNA LET ME IN, GENTLEMEN?

ER... IT'S JUST– WE HAVE A NO PET POLICY.

PET? YOU GOT IT ALL WRONG, CITIZEN!

WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING AT HERE IS AN OSS 05 MODIFIED 07...

THE LATEST GENERATION OF ANIMAL CYBERTRACKER.

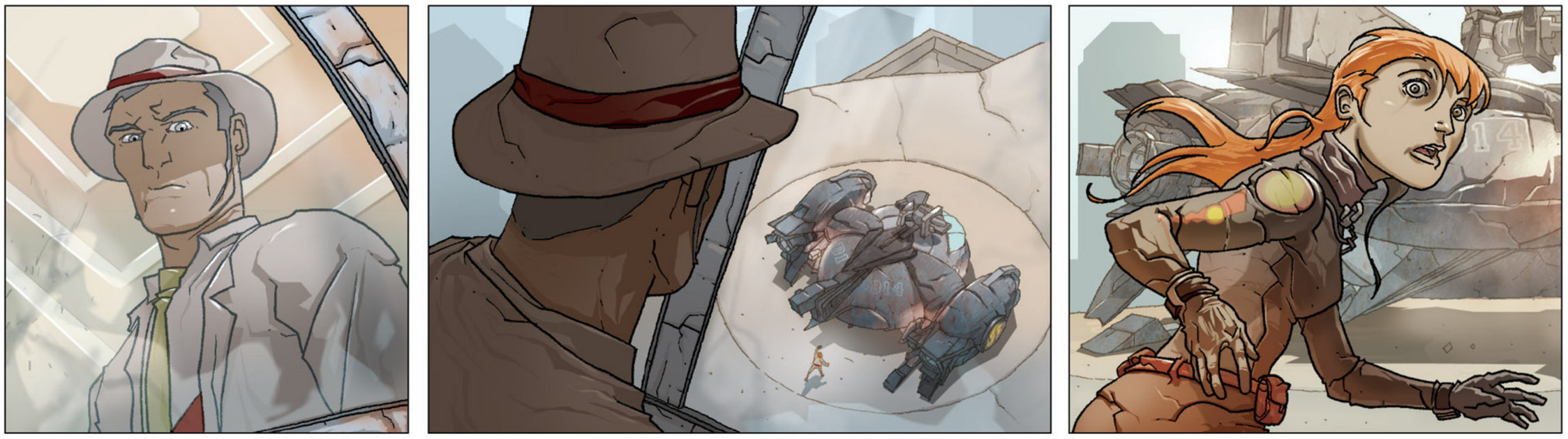
WITH THIS THING, THERE'S NO CHANCE MY QUARRY WILL GET AWAY.

CITIZEN ***ISMAAD N'GORO*** 74385965214879523? POPULATION CONTROL. BY THE POWER VESTED IN ME–

NO! WAIT–THIS CAN'T BE! NOT ME! THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE!

NO! THIS IS A MISTAKE!

ISMAAD N'GORO
IF YOU'D LIKE TO WAIT, THE VICE PRESIDENT WILL BE WITH YOU SHORTLY.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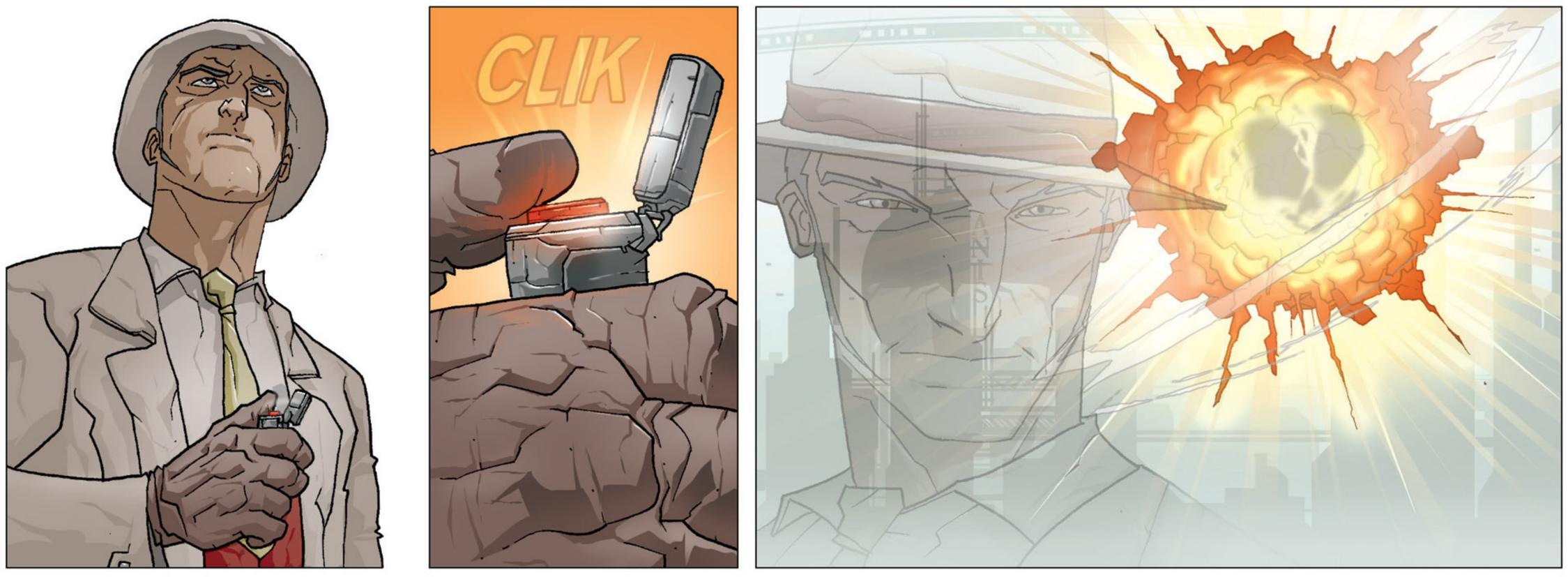

CLIK

I GOTTA SAY, I LIKE WORKING IN ZONE 1. I JUST DON'T GET TO THAT OFTEN.

PLUS, FIVE TARGETS... NOT EXACTLY A KILLER OF A DAY, IF I DO SAY SO.

IT'S MORE LIKE 15 A DAY IN THE NECROZONE. WHAT DO YOU THINK, CAT?

WHY DO THE DOWN-AND-OUT GET THEIR NUMBERS PICKED SO MUCH MORE OFTEN THAN THE RICH?

LIKE YOU GIVE A SHIT? YOU'RE RIGHT. ASKING YOURSELF QUESTIONS YOU CAN'T ANSWER..

NEVER DID NO ONE THE LEAST BIT OF GOOD.

FAYCAL

YAMINE

YOUNES

JEFF ARNAUD

DIX MILLE ROSES

GAZPROM

IMA

AMALE

HERE I AM. HOME SWEET HOME. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE.

THE BLONDE IS JOS. THE OTHER ONE'S ACCRASSIAH.

ROSE GARDEN TOWERS

BUT IT'S NO WORSE THAN ANYWHERE ELSE, AND NOT AS BAD AS IT WAS BEFORE I MADE TWO... WELL, LET'S CALL THEM FRIENDS.

YOU COULD SAY WE'RE ALL IN THE SAME LINE OF WORK: WORLD'S OLDEST PROFESSIONS. EXCEPT THEY PUNCH THE CLOCK FOR CUPID, NOT THE REAPER.

AS USUAL, SILENT AS THE GRAVE, MR. NO-NAME.

YOU WOULDN'T BE BORED WITH OUR CHARMING COMPANY, WOULD YOU?

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SAY YES.

I'VE GOT A SUREFIRE WAY TO CHEER YOU UP IN TEN MINUTES MAX.

programe : canal 804

HELL, I'D EVEN MAKE IT A FREEBIE.

I MEAN, I KNOW HE LIKES ME BETTER.

SEE YA! I WON'T HANG AROUND AND BE A THIRD WHEEL. TIME FOR MY ASS TO OPEN UP SHOP. AND WHEN IT'S TIME TO GO...

Y'KNOW, YOU COULD GO WITH ACCRA, IF YOU WANTED. I WOULDN'T MIND.

STILL, I KINDA FEEL LIKE THERE'S SOMETHING UNRESOLVED BETWEEN YOU AND WOMEN.

WANNA TALK ABOUT IT?

TALK ABOUT IT? PROBLEM IS...

I NEVER HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY.

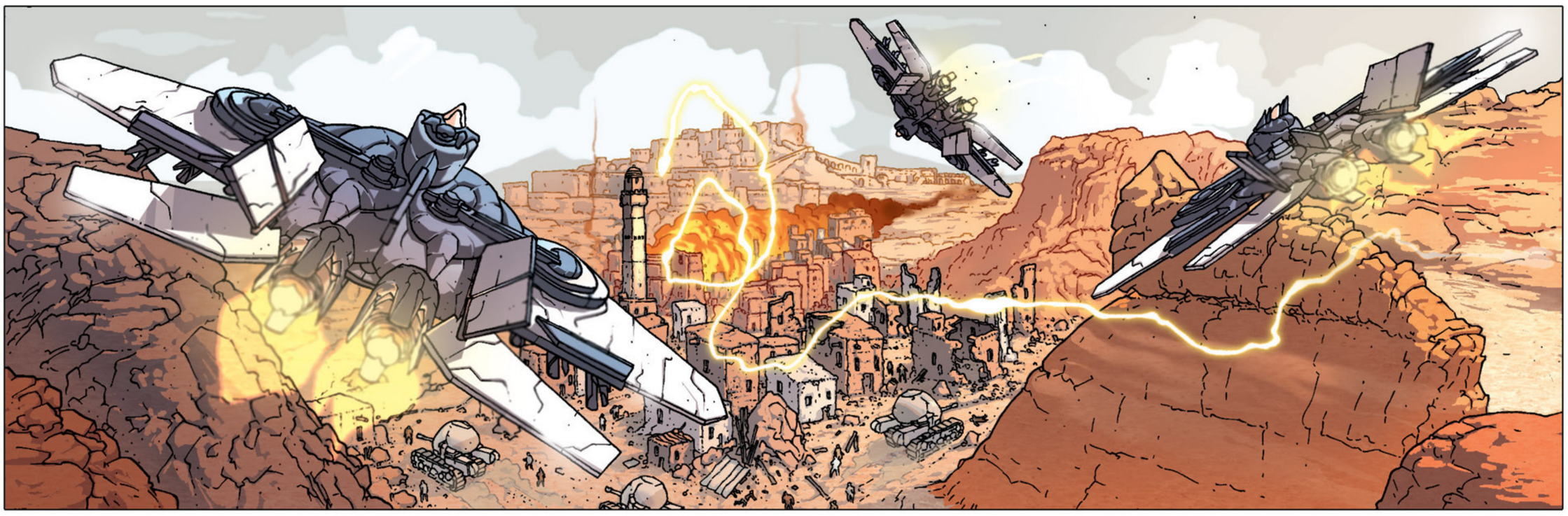
LOOKS LIKE IT'S STARTING UP. WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO GO.

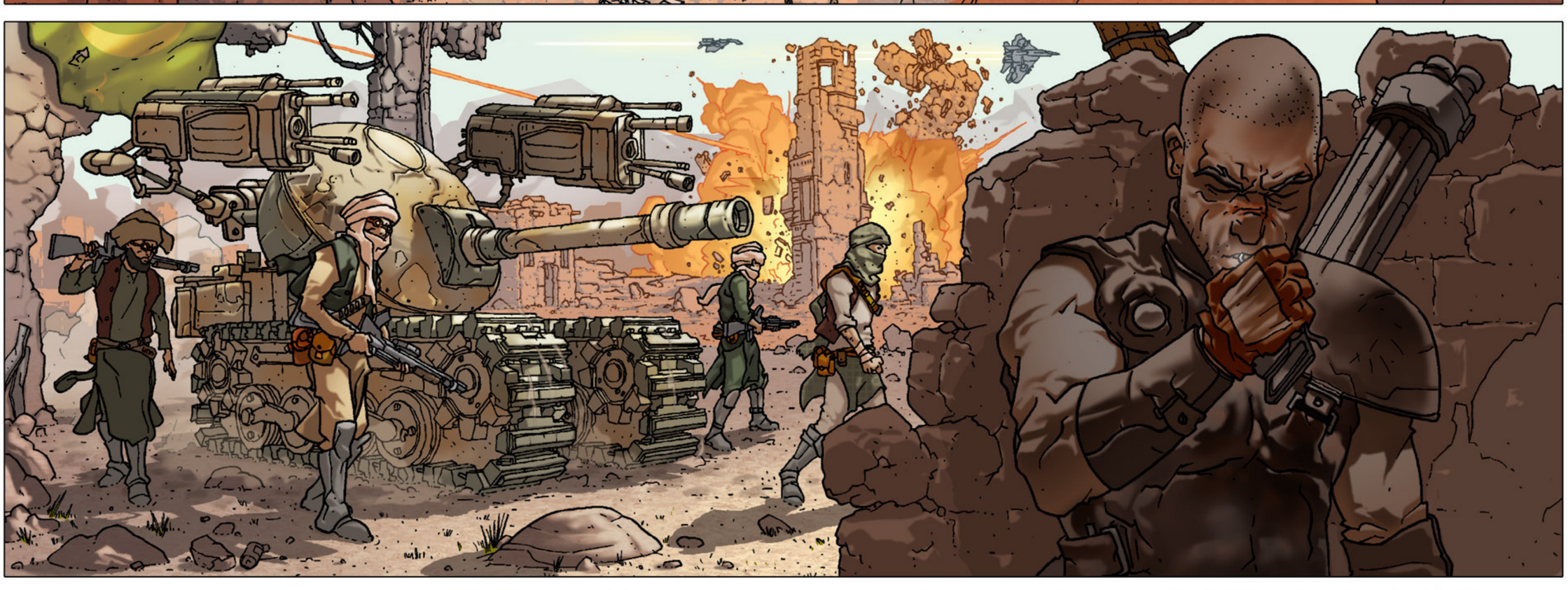
WE WILL GO, *MALIKA*. BUT BEFORE WE DO–

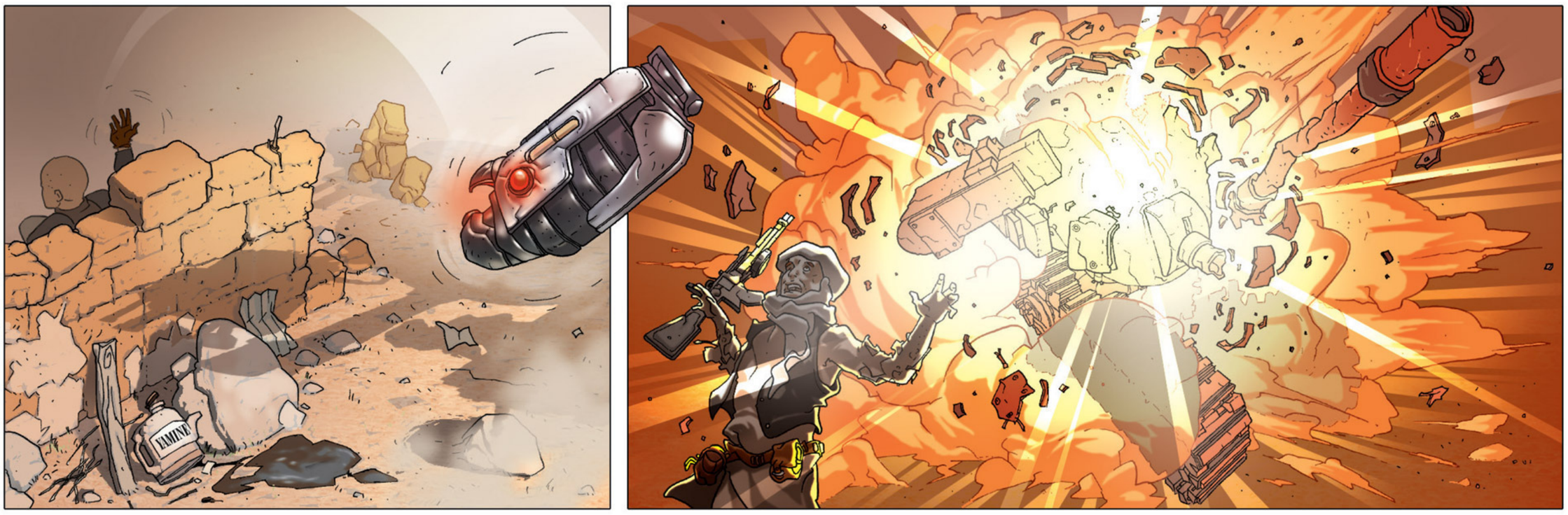
YES, *JUAN*. BEFORE...

YES, MY LOVE. NOW...

NOW, *JUAN*.






LIMINE

YOU?
THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE!
WHERE'D YOU GO?
YOU FORGET ABOUT YOUR LITTLE BOYFRIEND ALL OF A SUDDEN?

WHAT–WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?

WHAT AM I DOING? GOING BACK TO MY SIDE, JUAN.

I'M NOT THE LITTLE IRAQI CHICK YOU THOUGHT YOU RECRUITED IN THE RUINS OF BASRA.

I'M PART OF THE AL RHAMAL AL FARIM GROUP'S SECRET SERVICES. YOU'VE BEEN VERY USEFUL WHERE THE COALITION'S PLANS ARE CONCERNED.

BUT NOW THAT VICTORY'S AT HAND, YOU'RE NO USE ANYMORE.

SORRY, JUAN. I KIND OF LOVED YOU... IN MY WAY.

IT CAN'T BE... MALIKA! PLEASE! DON'T END IT LIKE THIS!

YOU SURPRISE ME, JUAN. I HAD YOU PEGGED AS MORE STOIC. YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER WESTERNER COWERING BEFORE DEATH...

WHAT THE–?!

JUAN! JUAN...

DEATH STRIKES WHERE IT PLEASES, MY LOVE.

BESIDES, YOU WERE WRONG. VICTORY SWITCHED SIDES...

BUT AT WHAT PRICE?

COLONEL? THANKS TO YOUR INTEL, WE WON. WE'VE CRUSHED THE ENEMY.

COLONEL?

CAN YOU HEAR ME?

SO YOU'VE RESIGNED FROM THE SPECIAL COMMANDOS, NO. 129305749588. THAT'S YOUR BUSINESS. BUT WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, NOW THAT THERE'S PEACE IN THE SOUTH?

GIVE IT SOME THOUGHT. YOU'RE A VALUABLE ASSET: A FEARSOMELY EFFECTIVE EXECUTIONER. SEND YOU INTO THE HENHOUSE, AND YOU ALWAYS GET YOUR PREY: A TRUE ***WEASEL***.

YOU MUST KNOW THAT AS OF NOW, WE'VE A DIFFERENT WAR TO WAGE. AGAINST OURSELVES THIS TIME. AND THIS WAR CAN BE SUMMED UP IN TWO WORDS.

SCARCITY. OVERPOPULATION.

THAT'S RIGHT, MY FRIEND. TOO MANY PEOPLE IN CENTRUM, AND NOT NEARLY ENOUGH RESOURCES.

BUT THERE'S A SOLUTION FOR EVERYTHING, ISN'T THERE?

AND WE'VE FOUND IT. TERMINATE A FEW CITIZENS EVERY YEAR. A MILLION AT LEAST.

YOU CAN'T MAKE AN OMELET WITHOUT BREAKING A FEW EGGS. BUT THE MEASURE WILL BE PASSED LEGALLY, OF COURSE.

AHH, LEGALITY, YES. IMPARTIALITY WILL BE ENSURED BY ***ATROPOS***, A TAMPER-PROOF COMPUTER THAT WILL RANDOMLY SELECT CITIZENS TO BE TERMINATED DAILY.

TO DO THIS JOB, WE'RE CURRENTLY FORMING AN ELITE CORPS: POPULATION ENFORCERS.

VZZZH

FITS YOU LIKE A GLOVE, DOESN'T IT? SO, WHAT DO YOU SAY?

THANK YOU FOR ACCEPTING SO ENTHUSIASTICALLY, MY FRIEND. I EXPECTED NO LESS.

JORG MULLER

I DIDN'T REALLY CATCH ALL THAT, BUT THANKS FOR THE LONG STORY.

SORRY, IT'S JUST THAT WITH YOU...

I ALWAYS FEEL LIKE I'M SOME KIND OF LEPER.

YOU DON'T GET IT, JOS. IT'S JUST... I WIND UP KILLING EVERYTHING I LAY A FINGER ON.

BESIDES, I HAVE TO GO.

I'LL LEAVE MISHAP WITH YOU. HE'LL BE BETTER OFF HERE. GOTTA GET UP EARLY TOMORROW.

TOMORROW I GOTTA GO BACK TO THE JOB.

THE **JOB**. TRAINING'S A PART OF IT TOO.

YOU HAVE TO SPEND A WHOLE DAY IN TRAINING ONCE A MONTH.

SHAKK

HAPPENS AT "THE HOLE." THIS BUNKER AT THE DEPT. OF CITIZENRY.

EQUIPPED WITH EVERY KIND OF SIMULATION.

YOU CAN EVEN DRESS UP LIKE THE POPE.

BUT I'VE NEVER TRIED IT.

BESIDES, IT'S NO PLACE FOR JOKING AROUND.

BRAVO! STILL THE BEST!

I KNOW.

SCORE

AGENT

98.5 / 100

98.5 %

98.5 %

ANOTHER THING I KNOW IS I WANT TO USE MY TIME HERE IN THE HOLE TO CHECK ON SOMETHING.

SOMETHING'S BEEN RATTLING AROUND MY GREY CELLS. HAS TO DO WITH ELIMINATING A FORMER WEASEL, NAME OF STERANKO.

A GUY WHO MAYBE TOLD ME A LITTLE TOO MUCH. OR NOT ENOUGH.

SO I HEADED DOWN INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE HOLE. WHERE I HAD NO BUSINESS GOING...

EVEN IF IT WASN'T OFF-LIMITS EITHER.

OA12

HERE I AM... THE BANK. NOT THE ONE WITH CENTRUM'S GOLD RESERVES. JUST A DATABASE. THE RECORD OF EQUAL-OPPORTUNITY ELIMINATIONS. A PRETTY LITTLE VIRTUAL CEMETERY.

BEFORE KICKING THE BUCKET, STERANKO CLAIMED THERE WAS A LINK BETWEEN THE LOTTERY...

AND MANDATORY TRIPS TO THE POLYMYCIN SCREENING BOOTHS.

AGENT 14-AB7

EUROPA CENTRUM

CENTRUM WEST

Sector 46-131B

List of citizens eliminated by date __

I DIDN'T BUY A WORD OF IT, OF COURSE. BUT WHERE'S THE HARM IN CHECKING? LET'S PICK SOME RANDOM GUY... SAY, ANTON JORG MOLL.

ELIMINATED ON... GOOD, GOOD. NOW LET'S CHECK THE LAST SCREENING DATE. OK–

You have just attempted to access a forbidden area!

CONNECTION TERMINATED

AW, C'MON? WHAT'S THIS BULLSHIT?

SURPRISE!

NEVER THOUGHT I'D FIND YOU DOWN HERE! YOU'RE USUALLY MORE OF A FIELD GUY, AREN'T YOU?

WHATCHA LOOKIN' FOR?

CLIC

NOTHING IMPORTANT, GOURI. JUST CHECKING SOME FIGURES.

FIGURES! WE GOT MORE FIGURES THAN YOU COULD SHAKE A STICK AT.

DEAD IS DEAD, RIGHT? C'MON, LET'S GO HAVE A DRINK, PAL.

ON ME.

NOTHING LIKE SOME BALTIC ALGAE GREEN, AM I RIGHT? THAT'LL PUT THOSE FIGURES OUT OF YOUR MIND!

LISTEN UP, FRIENDS!

GOT A JUICY TIDBIT FOR YA! WE OPENED UP A NEW HUNTING CLUB IN THE 1829TH DISTRICT. IT'S CALLED CLUB NIMROD!

WENT OVER THERE YESTERDAY AFTER WORK. THEY DROP YOU IN A VIRTUAL MEADOW, AND YOU GOTTA HUNT DOWN YOUR QUARRY. THING IS, YOUR QUARRY'S NOT VIRTUAL! THEY'VE GOT REAL ANIMALS! I SWEAR! AND YOU GOTTA CATCH'EM WITH YOUR BARE HANDS!

OH, JUST LITTLE CRITTERS, OF COURSE. RABBITS, MUTTS, BIG RODENTS– THAT KIND OF THING.

BUT IF YOU CATCH ONE–

WELL, WELL! BACK FROM THE DEAD!

REALLY, HANDSOME? COULD'VE FOOLED ME. GOTTA BE AN EARLY BIRD TO CATCH A GLIMPSE OF YOU.

I NEVER LEFT. NICE TO SEE YOU TOO, SELENA.

YOU KNOW, I'VE BEEN THINKING FOR A WHILE NOW, YOU AND ME WOULD MAKE A GOOD TEAM. AND I DON'T JUST MEAN FOR WORK.

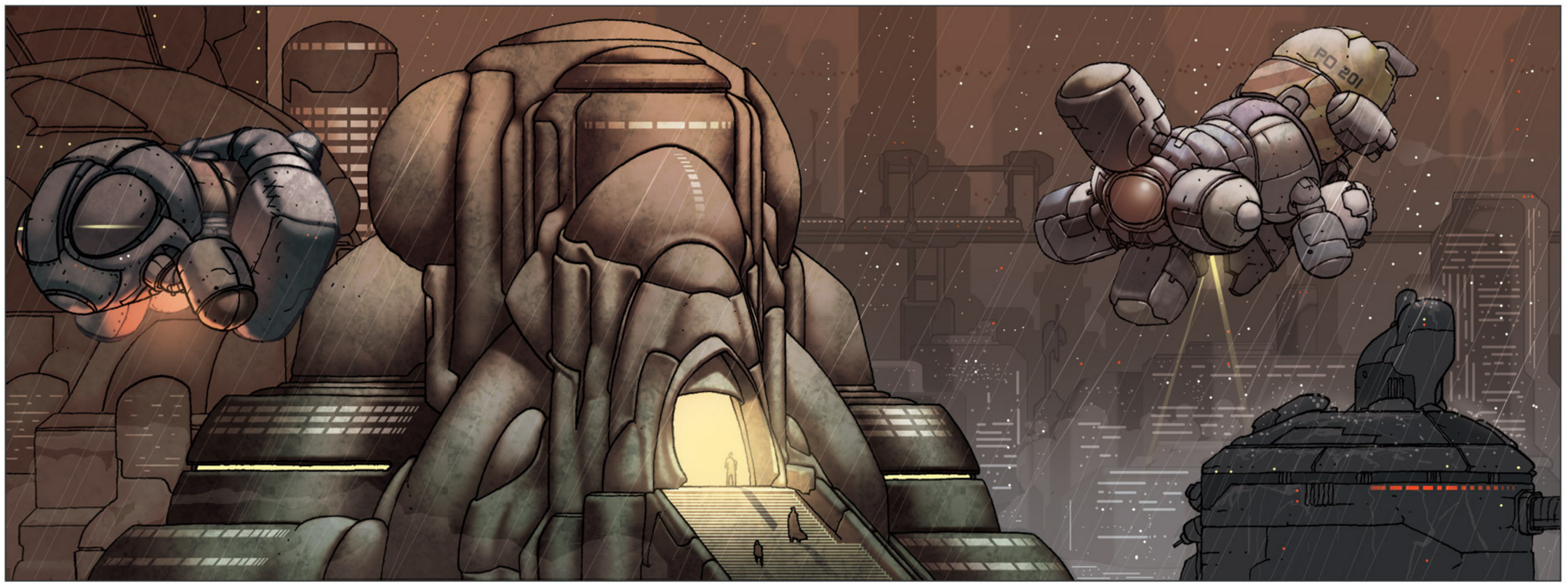
I GET THE DRIFT.

I'LL GIVE IT A THINK. BUT NOW I HAVE TO RUN. I LIKE TO TURN IN EARLY.

WHOM WITH, I WONDER?

LEAVING SO SOON, PAL?

YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK? YOU'RE TOO SERIOUS. INSTEAD OF SNOOPING AROUND ASKING QUESTIONS, YOU SHOULD HAVE SOME FUN.
JUST SOME FREE ADVICE... PAL.
I'LL THINK IT OVER... PAL.


PO 201

AND WHO'S YOUR FRIEND OVER THERE? IS HE NEW?
WHAT DO YOU WANT, ASSHOLE? YOU FOLLOWING ME? YOU THINK I CAN'T SEE YOU?
I MIGHT WANT TO EASE UP. I MUST'VE STUCK MY NOSE WHERE IT DIDN'T BELONG.
WHEN YOU'VE GOT SHIT ON YOUR HEELS...
GET READY FOR FLIES.

AND WHEN YOU'VE GOT FLIES BUZZING AROUND YOUR FACE, IT'S HARD TO GET A CLEAR VIEW OF THINGS.

IF BIG OLD GOURI WAS WATCHING ME, HE MUST'VE HAD REASONS. MOST LIKELY, THOSE REASONS CAME FROM HIGHER UP.

WHICH MEANT WHAT? THAT THIS BUSINESS ABOUT RIGGING BETWEEN SCREENING AND THE LOTTERY WAS ON THE LEVEL?

WHEN I GOT BACK TO THE 144TH FLOOR, THE FLIES WERE STILL HOVERING AROUND.

HEY, ***NEIGHBOR!*** WHAT, YOU DON'T SAY HI ANYMORE?

DOBRÝ VEČER. SORRY, DIDN'T SEE YOU.

GOT A HEAD FULL OF CRAP, ACTUALLY.

YOU HAVE A GOOD DAY?

YEAH... NO. ANYWAY, WHAT DO YOU CARE? IF I ASKED YOU BACK, WHAT WOULD YOU SAY?

YEAH... NO. JUST LIKE YOU, SEE? GOES TO SHOW YA, ASK A STUPID QUESTION... BUT LEMME ASK YOU ONE MORE, JUST FOR KICKS. YOU BEEN TO THE SCREENING BOOTHS LATELY?

YEAH... NO. ACTUALLY, YES. JUST THIS LAST WEEK. WHAT'S IT TO YOU?

OH, NOTHING. YOU DOING–I MEAN, YOU OK?

OH, I GET WHERE YOU'RE COMING FROM. ALL THOSE DISEASES, RIGHT?

DON'T YOU WORRY, I'M JUST FINE.

I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF. PART OF MY TRAINING.

WAIT A SEC.

COULDN'T WE, JUST ONCE, SEE EACH OTHER OUTSIDE THE BUILDING? I DUNNO, GO FOR A WALK?

DIDN'T ASK FOR DETAILS. LOOK, I'M BEAT. I'M HEADED IN.

A WALK? WHY NOT. I'M OFF TOMORROW. WHERE DO YOU WANT TO GO?

WHERE DO I–YOU REALLY MEAN IT? THE ZOO, THEN!

WHOA! IT'S SO... BIG!

SO AMAZING! THEY LOOK LIKE THEY'RE TWO OR THREE CENTURIES OLD...

YOU KNOW, ACTUALLY, ELEPHANTS RARELY LIVE PAST SIXTY.

LESS THAN THE AVERAGE HUMAN LIFESPAN.

REALLY? WELL, AT LEAST PEOPLE DON'T HUNT THEM ANYMORE.

NO, WE DON'T. LIKE THEY SAY... WHAT'S DONE IS DONE.

OH, LOOK! OVER THERE! A LION!

HE'S WONDERFUL, ISN'T HE? SUCH PRESENCE! SO NOBLE!

YEP. ALSO, NEARSIGHTED. LAZY. SLEEPS ALMOST ALL DAY LONG.

AS FAR AS HUNTING GOES, THE FEMALES DO ALL THE WORK.

YOU'RE SUCH A KILLJOY TODAY! WELL, SINCE YOU BROUGHT UP HUNTING, MAYBE YOU'D RATHER GO SEE THE ***WEASELS***?

VERY FUNNY. HERE, I'LL SHOW YOU AN ANIMAL YOU'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE.

OH, IT'S SO CUTE!

IT DOESN'T LOOK VERY AWAKE EITHER.

WHAT IS IT?

YOU'RE ABOUT TO TELL ME.

AI!

NICE JOB. THAT'S WHAT IT'S CALLED, AN AI. ALSO KNOWN AS A MANED SLOTH.

YOU CAN SEE WHY. EATS INSECTS, LIVES IN SOUTH AMERICA. OR USED TO...

YOU SURE KNOW A LOT OF STUFF, PROFESSOR. HOW'D A GUY WITH A JOB LIKE YOURS–

OH, WILL YOU SHUT UP ABOUT MY ***JOB*** FOR JUST FIVE MINUTES? YOU DON'T THINK THAT'S WHAT I'VE ALWAYS DONE ALL MY LIFE, DO YOU?

YEAH... NO. I DON'T KNOW. YOU NEVER TALK ABOUT YOURSELF.

I JUST DID. HEY, I THOUGHT WE WERE HERE TO SEE SOME ANIMALS.

OF COURSE WE ARE! BUT LET'S CHANGE CLIMATES. I'M STARTING TO GET HOT.

WELL, YOU DON'T NEED TO PLAY PROFESSOR HERE. THOSE ARE DEER.

NOT EXACTLY. ES TUT MIR LEID. RATHER, THEY'RE ELK. UP NORTH, SOME CALL THEM CARIBOU.

WOLVES!

YEP. WHERE THERE'S A QUARRY, THERE'S ALWAYS A ***HUNTER*** AROUND.

THOUGHT YOU KNEW THAT MUCH. ***WE MOVING ON?***

I'M COLD NOW. LET'S GO!

AS YOU WISH. I'LL TAKE YOU TO A PLACE YOU'LL LIKE. YOU'LL SEE.

OH! IS IT ALREADY...

OVER?

YEAH. SHOW'S OVER, LOOKS LIKE.

ZOO... ZOO.

!?!

YOU'RE HURTING ME! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?

NOTHING. I THOUGHT... MUST'VE BEEN SEEING THINGS. LET'S GO HOME NOW.

TAKE GOOD CARE OF AVATAR. I'M LEAVING. IT'S LATE. TOMORROW–

I KNOW. TOMORROW, BACK TO THE JOB. SAME WITH ME.

I DIDN'T WANT TO INTERRUPT YOUR ROMANTIC EVENING OUT, BOSS...

BUT YOU HAVE A PRIORITY TRANSMIS-SION WAITING.

WELL, WELL! STICK A PLUNGER IN THE CAN, AND YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT SHIT YOU'LL STIR UP.

YAMINE
YOUNES
COM
CODE 20-08-04
COMMUNICATION EN ATTENTE
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SCANNE
VISIOCOM
TUT

AGENT 129305749588? THIS IS MIROSLIV ERWAN FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH.

YOU MAY HAVE HEARD TELL OF ME FROM A CERTAIN ***MAC STERANKO***. I'VE TAKEN THE LIBERTY OF CONTACTING YOU BECAUSE I NOTICED YOU WERE ATTEMPTING TO ACCESS A CONFIDENTIAL DATABASE PERTAINING TO MY DEPARTMENT.

TRANSM 01 : ENCODAGE
SCANNE
04:20 SEC

I THINK IT WOULD BE USEFUL FOR US TO HAVE A CONVERSATION. BUT NOT ONLINE.

MAY I SUGGEST THE BABEL IN ***PANKOV*** SECTOR, AROUND MIDNIGHT.

WE CAN MEET AT THE BAR ON THE 11TH FLOOR, THE ***DEVOTCHKA***. IF YOU GET THIS MESSAGE IN TIME, SIMPLY TYPE OK, AND I'LL BE THERE. IF NOT, I HOPE TO REACH YOU SOON.

YOUNES
BUTO
OXO

TA-DAA... THE BABEL, THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE CIVILIZED WORLD. GUESS TODAY'S ALL ABOUT BEING A TOURIST.

YOU FEELING LONELY TONIGHT, BIG BOY? I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU NEED! LOLITA-LOLITO: CYBERSEX FOR EVERY SEX!

CITIZENS! DOES YOUR JOB INVOLVE A COMMUTE THROUGH DANGEROUS SECTORS? TRY THE VOLTROSHOK ULTRATITAN EXOSUIT! LASER-RESISTANT UP TO 20 MEGAJOULES!

NEED TO FIGHT OFF STRESS, ALL SEVEN CATEGORIES OF MUTANT VIRUS, CHEPOL WEAKNESS, AND FIFTY OTHER KINDS OF EVERYDAY AILMENTS? THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER: THE POLYDIFFUSION MICROCHIP FROM PROCYON LABS! AVAILABLE VIA INJECTION OR SUPPOSITORY!

LEAVE ME THE HELL ALONE! SCRAM! GET AWAY, YOU SCUMBAGS!

PROCYON

I'VE LOCATED YOUR CONTACT, BOSS. THE BIG BALD FELLOW WITH A MECHANICAL HAND ALONE AT THE BALCONY BY THE FOUNTAIN OF THE THREE GRACES.

SO YOU'RE THE CIVIL SERVANT FROM CITIZENRY WHO SET OFF ALL THE ALARMS!

EMPLOYEES IN YOUR DIVISION AREN'T USUALLY SO CURIOUS.

BUT LET'S NOT WASTE ANY MORE TIME. WHAT I HAVE TO SAY WILL ANSWER A FEW OF YOUR QUESTIONS.

FIRST OF ALL–

UNNGH!

AH, FUCK!

ONCE AGAIN, I'VE FORGOTTEN THAT I CAN'T CARRY A GUN OFF-DUTY.

THIS TIME I'M NOT JUST SEEING THINGS. SAME GUY. AND INCONSIDERATE, TOO–THE MINUTE HE'S DONE WITH HIS DIRTY WORK, HE TAKES A POWDER.

HOLD ON, ERWAN. HELP IS ON THE WAY.

WHAT THE–?!

I'M AFRAID ANY HELP IS GOING TO BE TOO LATE.

ANOTHER VICTIM OF POPULATION CONTROL. DO YOU FIND THIS FAIR?

HOW MUCH LONGER ARE WE GOING TO JUST LET THEM DO THIS TO US? WHAT WILL IT TAKE FOR US TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT?

YOU'RE RIGHT, CITIZEN.

I ASK MYSELF THE SAME THING.

WHO WAS IT WHO SAID, "I WIND UP KILLING EVERYTHING I LAY A FINGER ON"? DIDN'T EVEN NEED TO TOUCH HIM THIS TIME.

OTHER QUESTIONS ON MY MIND? TWO, AT LEAST. DID MIROSLIV ERWAN'S NUMBER COME UP? OR WAS HE ELIMINATED BECAUSE HE WAS ABOUT TO TELL ME SOMETHING I SHOULDN'T KNOW? ODDLY ENOUGH, MY BET'S ON THE LATTER. THIS MICRODISC SHOULD PUT ME ON THE RIGHT PATH.

SCAN

I DISCOVERED THAT, ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO NOW, SCREENING REVEALED THE EMERGENCE OF A NEW DISEASE CAUSED BY WHAT APPEARS TO BE A PRION OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN.

THIS PRION TAKES OVER THE DIGESTIVE SYSTEM, THEN ATTACKS THE LIVER, AND INFECTS THE BLOOD.

SYMPTOMS INCLUDE DIZZINESS, FATIGUE, FEVER, PUSTULES ALL OVER THE FACE AND BODY. AFTER THAT, DEATH FROM CONVULSIONS IN 3 TO 5 DAYS. INCUBATION PERIOD UNKNOWN, VECTOR UNKNOWN.

REC

ZONE

DIGESTIVE SYSTEM

SCAN

AT THIS POINT, WE'RE LOOKING AT A VERITABLE EPIDEMIC WITH EXPONENTIAL GROWTH,

300,000 NEW CASES PER MONTH. I'VE CALLED THIS DISEASE, WHICH SUPERFICIALLY COMBINES THE SYMPTOMS OF THE PLAGUE AND EBOLA, ***FPSS***: FULMINANT PRIONIC SEPTICEMIA SYNDROME.

UP TILL NOW, THE HIGH COUNCIL HAS NOT DEEMED IT NECESSARY TO MAKE THIS THREAT PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE.

REC

023145652 /FX

DNA: 1259

SCAN

BUT I ALSO FOUND OUT SOMETHING ELSE: THE NUMBER OF FPSS CARRIERS ATROPOS "RANDOMLY" SELECTS. THIS NUMBER KEEPS GROWING SUCH THAT ACCORDING TO THE LATEST STATISTICS, POPULATION CONTROL AFFECTS ALMOST 90% OF EPSS CARRIERS.

WHICH CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING: INSTEAD OF LAUNCHING A TREATMENT AND RESEARCH CURE CAMPAIGN, THE DEPARTMENT OF CITIZENRY HAS RIGGED ELIMINATION TO TARGET FPSS.

THE QUESTION THAT REMAINS IS: ***WHY?***

REC

VIDEO 20082004

PAUSE

NICE JOB, MIROSLIV. TOO BAD YOU'RE NOT AROUND TO FIND AN ANSWER ANYMORE. BUT ENOUGH FOR TODAY. I'M BEAT. I'LL WATCH THE REST TOMORROW.

WITH MY HEAD FULL OF THIS JUNK, I WONDER WHO'LL JUMP OUT FROM UNDER MY PILLOW TONIGHT?

NOOO!

WHAT A SHITTY *DREAM!*

WHERE DO I EVEN COME UP WITH THIS STUFF?

NIGHTMARE OR NOT, IT'S TIME TO GO TO WORK. THIS MORNING, MY GOOD MAN—

YEAH, YEAH. DON'T GET ALL EXCITED, BUGHEAD.

EUROPA

CONFIDENTIEL

CONFIRMATION LISTE :

JULIE M JOSEPE
LAVIGNASSE LAURE
MONNET SEBASTIEN
CLAUDE HOSLAND
VERONIQUE HOSLAND
LAURENT QUESSY
FREDERIC MAHE
CHRISTELLE PECOUT
ARNAUD ET BRIGITTE

NO...

I'VE ALWAYS PRETENDED NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT.

BUT I KNEW IT'D HAPPEN SOMEDAY. IT HAD TO.

4. JOSERINE PRAAKISL

2918739271821251 3 KH 6 977

SO I DID WHAT A WEASEL SHOULD NEVER DO.

JOS? JOS!

YOUR FRIEND JOS IS NOT CURRENTLY IN HER NEST.

IF YOU'D LIKE HER TO CALL YOU BACK, LEAVE HER A MESSAGE. LIKE THE GENTLE DOVE, SHE WILL SOON COME TO PERCH ON YOUR BALCONY.

CONNECTION

SHIT–JOS? IT'S ME. CALL ME BACK RIGHT AWAY. IT'S ***URGENT***.

BETTER YET– WHEREVER YOU ARE, STAY PUT. I'LL SWING BY AND PICK YOU UP. ***GOT IT?***

CONNECTION

I'VE NO WISH TO STICK MY NOSE WHERE IT DOESN'T BELONG, BOSS.

BUT THIS IS AT LEAST A LITTLE BIT MY BUSINESS. IS IT REASONABLE FOR US TO—

SHUT UP, OR I'LL SMASH YOU INTO TINY PIECES.

THE VOICE OF MY CONSCIENCE FALLS SILENT. SO I KEEP RIGHT ON DOING WHAT I SHOULDN'T.

SECRETARY OF CITIZENRY, O'NEIL. DIRECT LINE. FROM AGENT 129305749588.

WHOA THERE! NOW YOU'RE STEPPING OVER THE RED LINE, BOSS.

DID YOU NOT HEAR ME EARLIER?

OPERATOR

WELL, WELL! WHAT'S THE MATTER, *JUAN*?

22:20

REC

PLEASE DON'T CALL ME THAT.

I'M JUST NOT FEELING WELL THIS MORNING, THAT'S ALL.

MY HEAD'S RINGING LIKE AN ANVIL. DON'T THINK I'LL BE GOOD FOR MUCH.

ALL I'M ASKING FOR IS A SICK DAY.

IS THAT ALL? THEN BY ALL MEANS, TAKE YOUR SICK DAY! TAKE TWO, IF YOU'D LIKE.

YOU'RE THE BEST, AND YOU KNOW IT. I'LL HAVE YOUR LIST TRANSFERRED TO A COWORKER IMMEDIATELY.

OPERATEUR

22:25

NO! NO. WORK IS WORK. I'M NOT THE KIND OF GUY WHO PASSES THE BUCK.

I'D RATHER YOU PUT MY TARGETS ON HOLD. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM TOMORROW, ALONG WITH TOMORROW'S.

IT WON'T BE A PROBLEM. AS YOU SAY–I'M THE ***BEST***.

IF THAT'S WHAT YOU'D LIKE. TOMORROW, THEN. BUT IF I MIGHT OFFER YOU A PIECE OF ADVICE–TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, MY FRIEND.

YOU REALLY DON'T LOOK WELL AT ALL.

WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHAT MADE YOU CALL ME UP DURING WORKING HOURS?

WHOA, YOU DON'T LOOK SO HOT! ARE YOU SICK?

DOESN'T MATTER. WHERE ARE YOU?

I'M ABOUT TO LEAVE THE BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET. LEBANON CEDARS? ALL I HAVE TO DO IS CROSS THE AVENUE, AND I'LL–

COM

LIGNE 4

STAY PUT! DON'T MOVE A MUSCLE. I'M COMING!

IF I MIGHT INTERCEDE ONE LAST TIME, YOU'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR DISASTER... JUAN.

JOS! WATCH OUT!
AS CHAZELLES
YOUNES
MARO
WHAT'S HAPPENING? I FEEL SO... COLD. IT'S SO DARK... ARE YOU THERE? WHY?

AND JUST LIKE THAT, ***JOS WAS DEAD***. SHE WAS DEAD, AND THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO. NOTHING. I THOUGHT–YEAH, I THOUGHT I COULD OUTSMART THEM. BUT WHAT WAS I THINKING?

JOS' NAME CAME UP IN THE LOTTERY. AND SHE WAS ELIMINATED. SIMPLE AS THAT. NO ONE ESCAPES THE WEASELS. SOMETIMES YOU THINK YOU CAN, BUT THAT'S AN ILLUSION.

JOS IS DEAD. I CAN STILL SMELL HER CINNAMON PERFUME...

THE SMELL OF THE ISLANDS SHE NEVER GOT TO VISIT. HER SKIN'S STILL WARM. IF THE AMBULANCE I CALLED ARRIVES IN TIME, WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO PUT HER IN CRYO.

THEN SHE'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT IN HER HELIUM TANK AT -278° FOR A MIRACLE TO HAPPEN. OR ETERNITY TO GET SHORTER. OR TIME TO GO BACKWARDS. ILLUSIONS... THEY'RE NEVER IN SHORT SUPPLY.

JOS IS DEAD. O'NEIL PULLED A FAST ONE ON ME. BUT I'M A PATIENT MAN.

AND MAYBE ONE DAY, IT'LL BE MY TURN. ***TO GET HIM.***

TO BE CONTINUED...